

\$8



# EXCHANGE

Vol.1/4

Candid Leader  
Submission

Special  
Correspondence Club Issue

Leather  
Chains  
Erotic  
Bizarre

For Entertainment of Adults Only



CHANGE



Welcome to the Kane Photo Exchange; issue #4. (5, 6). As part of a continuing series of publications, this volume represents an on going correspondence with a variety of subscribers. Both candid and expressive, this collection of prose, illustration, and photography is presented free from pretense. It is information to be shared. Examine it, then make your own submission, no pun intended. Send art, true confessions, and all other pertinent information to: EXCHANGE P.O. Box 23249 Providence, Rhode Island 02903.

For the past fifteen years, Kane has published bondage and fetish magazines of distinction. Some of you probably remember Rosslyn News and our very first effort "Ladies In Restraint." Back in 1974, we had adopted the photo essay tradition of Irving Klaw while attempting to update and personalize it in our own style. Our format remained consistant for many years as we continued to publish Kane Photos through an assortment of titles with Star Publishing in New York. Each magazine featured models portraying roles in scenarios pertaining to many aspects of B&D. Then, in the early 80's our focus began to shift. We became less interested in that "purely fictional" style and began to migrate towards a more personal approach to our work. We began to document our experiences through real photo exposés; witness Lisa, Amanda and others —each featured in a volume devoted completely to them. Recently we have begun to shift our focus again through the pages of our new **Kane Photo Exchange**. This is a publication devoted mainly to correspondence. We welcome your input; dare you to respond. We were overwhelmed by the letters received from issues 1&2. Several of these submissions are included on the forthcoming pages as you are soon to witness. We are grateful for your support and will continue this exchange in subsequent issues.



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The bondage session my boyfriend and I shared was a two day procedure. Since he had never tied me up before, I was surprised that he had so many clever ideas. We tried to incorporate all various bondage related items I have managed to accumulate so far including Belinda's gag sent from England, your rubber hose and handcuffs, and the 5 inch black high heels you sent. We did 5 or 6 different positions trying to be as imaginative as possible with each one. He chained me to a radiator and I enjoyed the feeling of being held like an animal. He tied my torso and legs together and suspended my arms up over my head. He used duct tape to further secure my legs and effected a mask for my face as well as using Belinda's gag. I felt this bondage was excessive, however enjoyable, as I had to endure it for a very long time while he took these pictures.



*Electrical tape provided an effective way of securing my hands to a chair. This was my idea.*





Kane Photo Exchange —









*We used wooden poles as you can see by the photos and they provided very secure restraint.*







In your letter, you asked me to describe my favorite experience involving tying myself up, which I have done on a number of occasions. Here's how it began. I was getting into self-applied bondage, in fact I outdid myself this particular time. I had managed to bind myself so securely it made it difficult to move. I was wearing a black bra, black panties, sheer stockings under latex hose, and black lace gloves. My legs were bound first in plastic wrap, then tape. I managed to borrow a blindfold from one of my neighbors. Don't you just love neighbors at times! I ball-gagged myself and pulled a stocking over my head. I handcuffed my hands behind my back. (I had previously tossed the key into another room). I remained immobile for at least an hour before my sister finally arrived, pounding on the apartment door. We had made a plan to go out that afternoon and I had lost track of the time! I had no other recourse but to crawl to the door (which took quite a while) and let her in. She wasn't surprised to find me this way, because she knows me, she's my sister. I have another story about my sister's curiosities about bondage that I will relate in my next letter.

Too bad her sister didn't bring along a camera. -ed.

**\*\* If adult subject matter is not of interest to you, please disregard and  
discard this letter\*\***

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Dear Customer,

Many of you will remember the Kane Photo mail order company which suspended its' operation in 1979. We offered thousands of posed photos; the best of the genre. From these catalogues, many unpublished color slides remain.

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My name is Joseph P., it is my real name and not a pseudonym. I would like to share a part of my life with the readers of Kane Photo Exchange. I have had a deep love for bondage since my early childhood, always finding it a very special enlightenment within me. It is a distinctive involvement and a joy that brings me a unique pleasure. When I was 16 and in my third year of high school I met and dated my very first girlfriend Michelle. We became very close and my admiration for bondage finally surfaced between us. I led her very gradually into this world, a step at a time, not trying to scare her in any way. We build up a loyalty between us based on strong friendship and as I began to open her mind to my secretive fantasies of bondage she was very understanding and accepted them with openness and deep trust. I would show her bondage magazines and photographs of ladies bound and gagged and try to explain to her how much I enjoyed seeing women in positions of helplessness and submission. I explained to her what bondage meant to me, what it was like to be dominant, and what it was like to be submissive. As I spoke to her about bondage, she asked many questions and I tried my best to answer them. We made love the first few times in a traditional way very sensualizing way. She was a virgin when I met her so I tried to teach her many things in the beginning, guiding her with compassion and trying to be as gentle as possible.

One afternoon, after about seven months, she came over to my house after school while my parents were at work. We started kissing and she became very excited. At that point she asked me to tie her wrists together. She undressed slowly in my bedroom and I proceeded to tie her wrists together in back of her with the silk scarf she was wearing around her neck. I laid her on my bed and tied her ankles with soft nylon rope I had kept in my closet for just such an opportunity. I was becoming very aroused. I picked up her pink nylon panties and placed them carefully into her mouth. I followed by taking a long section of white cotton cloth which I also had ready and placed it between her lips and tied it at the back of her neck. She began to move against her bonds experiencing bondage for the very first time. I began to trace and kiss her entire body. I untied her ankles and tied them spread-eagles to the bed frame. I also untied her wrists and retied them to the corners of the headboard. Her body shuddered in blissful joy. I held her tightly and made love to her as I had never done before. She was a fantasy and a dream becoming entrancing reality. Our bodies pulsed and moved in a music of intense pleasure and ecstasy like an enchanted melody of paradise.

That was the beginning of a special relationship and involvement for both us us. She told me she had never experienced as intense a feeling as when she was tied. She told me the restrictive bonds made it all very different. From that day on almost all the times we made love I placed her in bondage. We would go to a hotel room many weekends because our parents were home. I always brought along a shoulder bag or small suitcase filled with bondage items. We would spend the entire day and I would place her in many forms of restraint. I used to love tying her to a bed sitting back and watching her struggle.

As we continued our relationship, she became my slave in the rarest way. She would address me as Master and always kissed my left hand in respect for her loyalty and total submission to me. She went out one day and got each ear pierced with two holes because I told her I would like to see another space on her ears for an extra earring, especially a very submissive small gold ball. She would wear very high spiked heeled shoes that she bought in antique clothing stores because I liked to see her in them. She would wear them in my home and at times they would hurt her feet after many hours of wearing them, so I would have her change into a pair of pink leather ballet slippers. Many times our bondage evenings led to very noticeable rope marks on her wrists and

ankles. She was always proud to display them. She would tell her parents and friends they were from wearing tight bracelets and ankle straps on her shoes. I made beautiful slave collars for her in fine leather and black velvet, decorating them with hundreds of small metal studs. She enjoyed wearing them in my company and when we went to bondage gatherings meeting other masters and their slaves. It was becoming a unique world that meant a great deal to both of us.

As time passed, I began to take photographs of her in bondage for my enjoyment and hers. The very first ones got misplaced over the years, but I managed to retain ones from 1977 to 1980. I am sorry I did not have a camera on hand at every bondage scene we did but at the time my mind was more into our love than pictures. However, I did manage to take some nice photographs which are displayed in this magazine. Our bondage advanced a great deal from simple ropes to elaborate leather equipment such as gags, face sheathes and a magnificent calfskin single glove, all of which I made myself as I am an excellent self-taught leather craftsman. I loved to use a leather strap ball gag in the beginning as it was my first piece of bondage equipment. I would gag her in many ways with numerous types of fabrics and mouth paddings, blindfolding her also and inhibiting her vital senses. I experimented with many gags because the gag is the last important touch that makes bondage complete. I also enjoyed taping her lips closed over a mouthful of padding. One gag I enjoyed was a stocking gag. I would stuff her mouth with one of her worn stockings or pantyhose and apply the other stocking leg tightly over her lips tying it securely in the back of her neck and softly a second time in the front. I loved the sheerness of the fabric, its stretchability, tightness, and its softness.

I used many forms of bondage on her, simple and intricate rope bonds, fabric and calfskin bonds; multiples of materials from silk, latex, leather to steel. I enclosed her entire body, head to toe, in a thin clear plastic film garment bag and taped it securely to her body with black electrical tape forming a total enclosing encaptivement.

She was an incredible woman. She taught me so much. I learned so much about bondage itself, about being a master and about feeling her submission to me from the most subtle to the most extreme way. In 1981 we parted. A portrait of her still hangs on my wall as a remembrance of my first girlfriend, the first woman I ever loved and the first bondage slave princess I ever had.





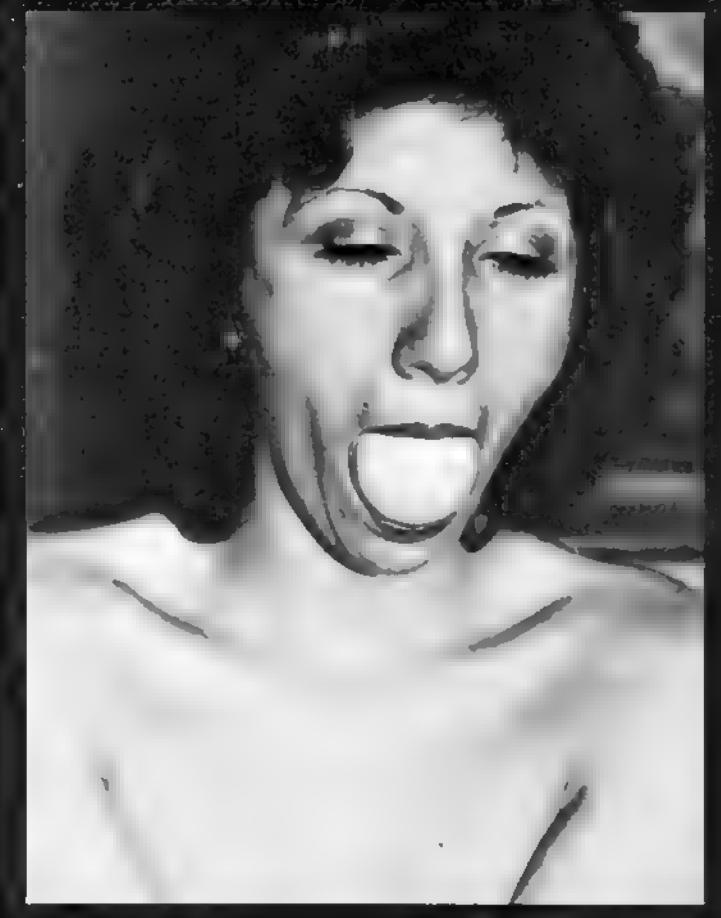






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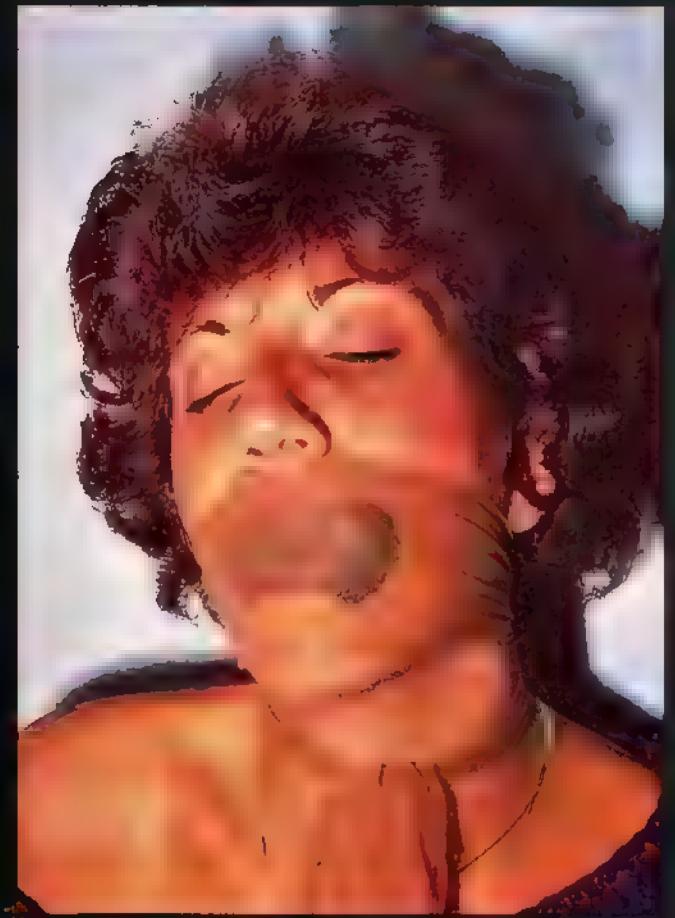
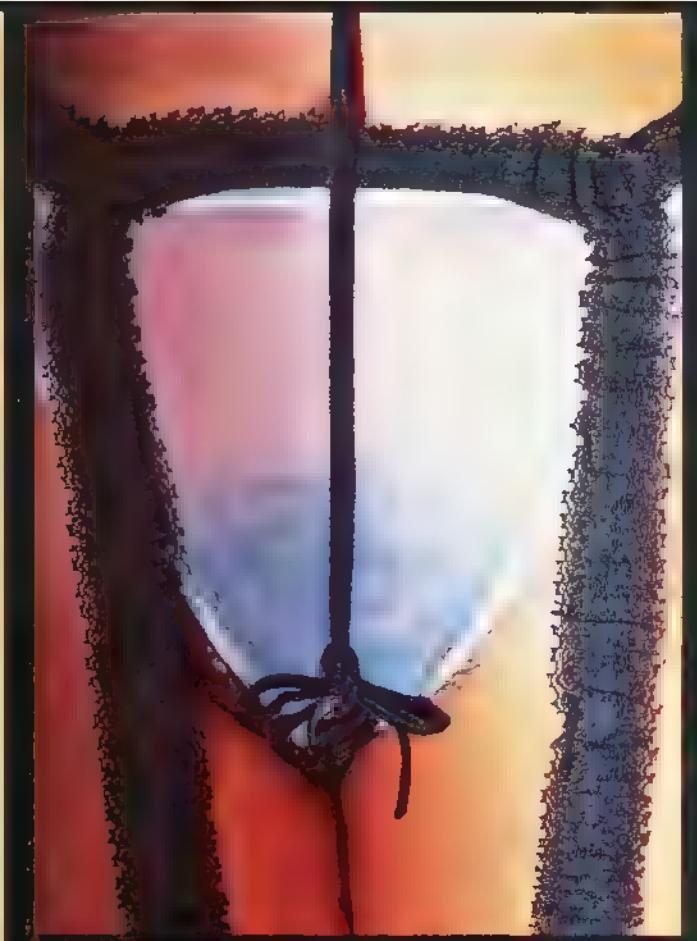






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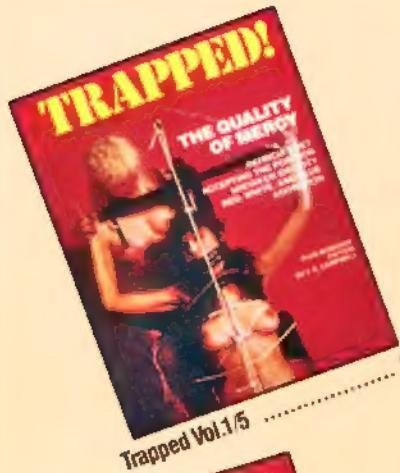
xcerpts from a short home movie, we enjoyed watching her struggle.











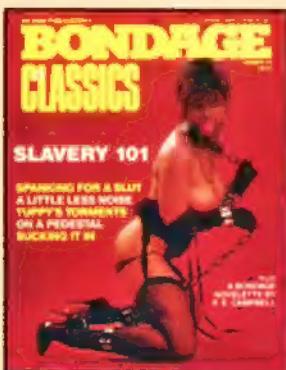
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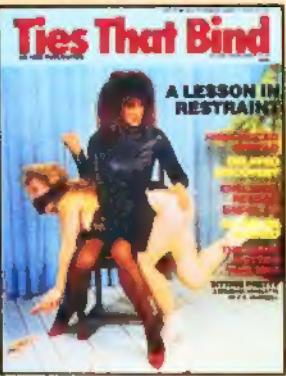
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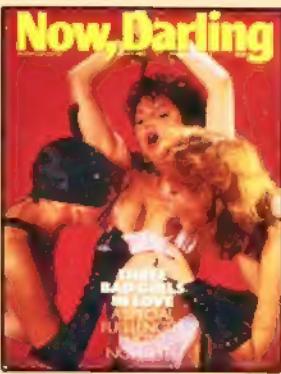
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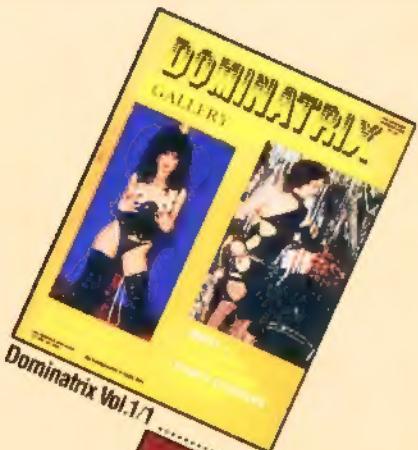
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